

I'm not sure you guys will even believe me, partially because I don't believe it myself. I'm not saying what happened was paranormal; it certainly wasn't, but to my knowledge, there's no precedent for this sort of thing. I'm writing this dream out, rather than greentexting, and I don't have to worry about exaggerating my recollections, as I wrote down what I remembered immediately after waking up.

This is the first time I am sharing this story publicly as well. I had this dream about a year ago. It may take a few posts to write it all out, so bear with me.

It began as a fairly normal dream. Well, I had been dreaming for a while prior to this, but they were all typical dreams, so I won't include them. I'll only include the bit right before it got weird. I was at my friend's house, and we were having a fire, though it was still daytime. I remember feeling uneasy, like I had somewhere to be. I told my friends I had to go "back," though strangely enough, I didn't specify where I'd be going back to. The jovial atmosphere was gone almost immediately. They all looked at me with angry faces, and they told me that I didn't need to be here anymore. I was confused, and asked them to explain themselves. At this point, I was becoming considerably more lucid. I was more aware of my surroundings. One of my friends stood up and told me to run to the end of the driveway, which was a long dirt road that wound through a dense cluster of pine trees. I didn't ask questions, and I ran. In reality, his driveway led to the road, of course. In the dream, however, the end of the driveway took me to another house. It was a large, old southern-style house, painted cream white, with a wraparound porch. It was built sort of like a pyramid, with the second floor being smaller than the first, the third floor being smaller than the second, and what looked like a steeple on top of the third floor.

I remember there were a lot of people standing on the porch, though I don't remember anything about what they looked like, even immediately after waking up. I approached the house, not really scared at all. An old woman walked down the steps leading up to the front door, and she approached me. She was about as

tall as I was, but very thin. I could tell she was old by her saggy skin, but her hair was totally black, no gray hair or thinning whatsoever. She was also wearing a considerable amount of eyeliner. She smiled at me and told me to come inside. I nodded and followed her in obediently.

The first thing I noticed when I walked in was that the foyer, if you could call it a foyer, was very small. I wandered off by myself, and found that every room and hallway was like that. There was practically no room to move through the house. Some hallways were less than two feet wide, and each room only had about enough space for a bed and a table. It was like a bunch of rooms were densely packed into the house's floor space. Standing in a hallway, I turned and found the old woman standing right behind me.

"Go home," she said.

I was now beginning to feel intense dread, and I was fully lucid, aware that I was in a dream. I was scared not by the situation, but of how...aware I was, of the detail in everything, and in the woman. How I could count the seconds as they passed. This ceased to feel like a dream.

"Okay," I said, wanting to wake up. "How do I get out?"

"No," she said, and though she didn't look angry, she sounded very stern. "Go home."

I was confused. GENUINELY confused. It's...It's difficult to describe. Like when you're in a dream and you don't know what's going on, you do as you're told, or you go where you know you have to be. At least, that's what happens to me in my dreams. This time, however, I had no idea what to do. I just know this was unlike any dream I had before. I wanted to wake up, but I also wanted out of the house.

My dream continued to defy my expectations. Normally, if I were being chased in a dream, I'd just sense a predator or

malevolent force coming after me. In this dream though, I could HEAR people behind me. I ran faster, grateful for the tightly packed rooms, as I could easily stay out of sight by rounding a corner. I could tell it was two people by the footsteps, and as I turned another corner, I found a door and swung it open. There were wooden steps leading down into what appeared to be the only large room in the house: the basement. It wasn't a creepy basement, however, far from it. It was very well furnished, with wood floors, plenty of furniture, and plenty of light too. I didn't shut the door behind me as I ran down, turning left to find a billiard table with a dark skirt around its edges. I ducked down and hid under the table, making sure to keep quiet as the two men entered the room.

"Where is he?" said the first. "Did he go home?"

"No," said the second. "He is hiding, and he wants to wake up."

My heart was pounding. This person knew I was sleeping? Knew it was in a dream? Well, of course, he was a figment of my imagination, but this was the most meta dream I have ever had. Not only was I lucid, but apparently, the other people in the dream were lucid too. I waited until they left, until I couldn't hear their footsteps, and I got out, walking back into the hallway. I had only been there a moment when I heard something behind me.

I turned and saw the old woman standing there, smiling at me.

"Happy?" she asked. At this point, I was freaking the fuck out. I couldn't wake up. I knew I was dreaming, and I couldn't wake up. Did I die and go to hell in my sleep? The concept actually crossed my mind, and I don't even believe in hell. I yelled at her. I told her I wanted out. I told her I wanted to wake up and never come back here. I was crying. Fuck, this next part...fuck everything.

She smiled. Somehow, she had produced a gun. I was losing lucidity now, becoming less aware. The hallway we were in sort of dissipated. She brought the gun to her chin...fuck, she smiled wider, her head tilted.

"Bye bye," she said, or sang, it's hard to describe. It was like two notes, almost like when you say something in a taunting voice. She closed her eyes, and she pulled the trigger.

Jesus Christ, I don't like remembering this. Well, you can imagine what happened when she pulled the trigger, but her body didn't collapse or anything. Instead, when her head erupted, the scarlet geyser of blood, gray matter, and skull fragments spread out and transformed. They sort of...coalesced into these faces, only they weren't realistic. I had gone back to my dream-like state of awareness, but was still very much afraid, because these faces were like...like half-formed people and children, like when you're dreaming and you look in a mirror, and your face is all fucked up because your subconscious mind can't recall your exact features. That's the best way to describe it. The faces all stared at me, bloody and malformed, and they kept echoing what the old woman said. "Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye," in that same fucking taunting voice.

And then I woke up.

I remembering being so relieved and literally saying "Holy shit, I'm awake," out loud. I was sweating, and I couldn't tell if I had been crying or not. It was six AM when I woke up, and I never went back to sleep. I just stayed up, ruminating on what happened, unable to believe the dream I just had. (cont)

I recorded everything immediately, knowing I might not remember every detail, as much I liked to forget it. Though I was scared, I was far more interested in recording the details so I could eventually share it with others, like I'm doing now. I don't know if anyone else has experienced dreams like this. I know some of you might not even believe me. I just hope I never have another dream like it for as long as I live.